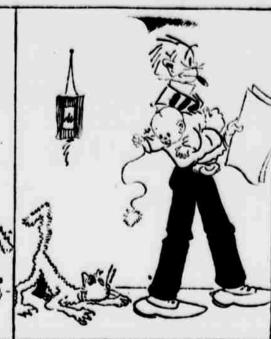


By C. M. Payne















Romances of Models, 55 By Famous Artists

No. 1 .- Harrison Fisher and the "Bride's" Odd Wooing. N the month of May, several years ago, while I was at work."
began Mr. Harrison Pisher, the artist, in relating the romance
of one of his models, "on the kind of spring morning which
makes one feel like going out to enjoy the warm sunshine, to see the green of the trees and hear the song of the birds, shere isn't a professional visit, is it?"

Inshed into my studio, bringing with him the concentrated exuberance, enthuclasm and excitement of every springtime he had ever lived, a young man, the nero of this love story.

Like a knight of old, the spirit of quest and conquest glowed in his eyes and as he proceeded to explain his mission I could think of him only as oung Lochinvar come out of the West."

My youthful intruder owned acre upon acre of ranch land in Wyoming and many thousands of heads of cattle. 'In a monthly magazine to which he subscribed so that while at his ranch ne might know what was going on in the world, he had seen the face of a girl

that sent him leagues across the continent in search of the original. "I beg your pardon, were his first words, for bursting in upon you so unceremoniously. I have been on a train for four days in the greatest suspense, wondering how my journey would result. Now that I have actually gotten to New York I had to come to you at once."

"Anxious to-calm him, I asked him how I could be of any service.

From his wallet he took the reproduction of a drawing by me entitled

'Is this your work?' he queried.

"I acknowledged the drawing as mine, and his next words were: 'Is she married?'

"Then will you introduce me to her" he continued, and with the usual Western candor Bill told me how he had fallen in love with the picture of the over at Broadway and Fourteenth street, zirl, how he had tried to get her face out of his mind and after two days of failure had determined it was no use, and so had boarded a train for the East this morning?" to find me, the artist, and through me the girl.

Tell me comething more about her,' he begged. "I told him that she lived with her parents on Long Island and posed to bursting with notes and clippings. only for one or two other artists.

"Florence had an engagement to pose for me the next morning at 9.30. They found themselves at last before see I told Bill he could come at 10, which would give me a little time to tell an ostentations restaurant cafe, and her about young Lochinvar and ask her if she cared to be introduced to him. "I need not have doubted her wish in the matter, for as I launched into of the room. And once more Wendell nowing account of her unknown admirer, describing his good looks, his opened the gorged wallet, this time vealth and, most important of all, his love for her, she became as anxious to withdrawing a sheaf of clippings. He neet Lochinvar as he had proved himself to know her.

"I believe they were both hard hit before they saw each other. For what oung woman is not in love with love, and what man when he gets an idea for a showing?" he asked: "fourteen in he wants a woman will let an introduction to her and a few thousand miles a month." keep him from winning her?

This love affair, arranged by the fairles, was all velvet and roses. They were both young and free and not to be cheated out of the best, and as dell answered gravely. "All Lochinvar buoyantly entered my studio at the stroke of 10 I introduced these newly found lovers and left them together, while I busted myself in an adjoining room.

"Young Lochinvar made me several visits, in which he held me responsible before the car of Juggernaut. Behold

for his new happiness.

"I received an invitation to the muptials, and it was the prettiest June and the word of the fourteen slayers name later in due course of my busiwedding one can only imagine out there in the little old vine-clad church on is corroborated in every case by heaven head. I noticed him because of his fine

off for Europe on their honeymoon."

THE MENACE

"I am just wondering whether it would be safe to propose to that girl over there?" that I have been going with." "I don't think it would."

"Me's one of our leading reformers." -- to what? "Look at that! See the fellow picking | "What makes you think she would him pockets: What's the matter with

Novels of the New York Streets By Ethel Watts Mumford

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The reporter came into the office jus as the doctor closed and locked his desk and rose with a sign of relief to welcome his friend.

"Hello, Wendell; glad to see you. Thi Jimmy Wendell smiled. He drew back

"No: not a bit of it. If health were contagious I'd ruin your business. Come and have dinner with me. I've found a new place." "I'm your man. Just a second, till I

let Beck know when I'll be back, and I'm with you." He turned to give directions to the tions to the attendant, when the dean telephone rang. Dr. Kenway was grave as he hung up the receiver. devil who was brought into the hos-pital-run over by a cubic car; bad corcussion, fractured skull and several other things. I suggested that Mead see him and determine if trepanning were worth trying; but it's no use, he's too weak and too much damaged gen-

The reporter's pale face flushed with interest. "That's queer," he observed. "Is he Wyman Strong, who was knocked 'dead man's curve,' as they call it, early

The doctor nodded. Wendell drew forth his wallet stuffed "Yes, I have that clipping-about 8.30

t happened?" apread them upon the table with a lean white index finger. "How's that

"Fourteen what in a month-days? "Deaths at 'dead man's curve," Wen-dell answered gravely. "All young

"Because," answered the doctor, "being young, they rush in where angels

"I never knew if their betrothal was instantaneous, although from the ish? Granted. But it also means to be active. They should be as agile in avoiding danger as in rushing into it. West, and as she was at work on her trousseau she had no time to pose more. knows how many bystanders. There physique and beautiful head of the

The Tale of a Fourteenth Street Ulysses and a Broadway Helen of Troy.

made up my mind to watch from the a street. But something made me look conscious of that incongruity. Then other side of the street a bit. Coming up, and I saw the most beautiful a shrick from some one on the side-across Fourteenth street at that moment was young Grane (I found out his set eyes upon. She was standing by a hind me, a grinding of breaks—and I



are the clippings—read. In every case blond boy-Siegfried type. He walked the victim who had been advancing in as if in a hurry and glanced up and down with keen, bright eyes before he came confused, hesitated and halted, attempted the crossing I was only a "Who is that serious appearing man heedless of cries, gongs and warnings, step or two behind nim. Yes, a cable ILLUSION? and the next instant sees him sacrificed car was close upon us, but by no means dangerously near.

"What makes you think she would make you think she would map you the track behind me. What made me looking director was fifth victim: Bayard Crane, aged twen-look up just then I couldn't say; one behind me. She was indescribably love object of his thoughts. Opposite to him as he indicated the agitated covey ken-look up just then I couldn't say; one behind me. She was indescribably love object of his thoughts. Opposite to him as he indicated the agitated covey ken-look up just then I couldn't say; one behind me. She was indescribably love object of his thoughts. Opposite to him as he indicated the agitated covey ken-look up just then I couldn't say; one behind me. What made me looking on the corner. She was indestribute to wender the corner. She was indestribute to wender the corner. The doctor's eye feli suddenly upon the the corner. She was indestribute to wender the corner. The doctor's eye feli suddenly upon the thing of the corner. The corner is an indicate the word in the corner. The corner is an indicate to wender the corner is an indicate to wender in the corner is an indicate the word in the corner. The corner is an indicate to w

"I'll tell you. I will tell you the "By this time I was abreast of him, window in the third story of the busi-

-as a Mexican chill papper --was emil-ing. She was dressed in black, and her very white hands held a fan-a fan-in December! Even in that infinitesimal fraction of a second I was um under the wheels, and the gheetly terically to the wheel of his car. "As I made sure, the window at which I had seen her standing is one

in a suite of offices. I made for it.
While I trumped up a request for information about something or other I
looked the place over thoroughly—
half a dozen men, three bedraggied typowriters, and not a trace of the siren. I asked questions, went to the window and verified the location I was not mistaken. Finally ! asked outright who the girl was I had seen in the hall, presumably just leav-ing their offices. My description was perfect; if she had even been anywhere around, let alone right there in the room the chap I was talking to must have recognized her, and he was honestly blank. No fairy like that in his building. My description was so enthusias that he got quite excited about it, and together we guissed the elevator boynothing doing. Now, you understand why I have collected this information for I know that she selects her vietti with devillah precision. But what can I do?—tell such a yarn to the police? I'd be foot-clubbed for being drunk, or ankle-whacked for being incane. And, the in the world? I can't get her out of my head. I see her all the time standing up there and smiling, and I know she cuts a notch in the sticks of that fan for every man she kills; I can almost see her do it. What else could a fan be for-a fan in December?" "Dine with me Christmas Eve," said

Wendell, as he left the hospital of his friend's house, for his final return to his own quarters. "You and I are luckily tieless and free to enjoy

gratulation. As he approached the in- saide to wait the coming of Wendell. vers. tersection of Fourteenth street, his mind He saw his tall figure towering above | Shocked though he was, Es

Twenty Gems Of American Humor

Pamous Selections From the Works of Our Cour try's Foremost Laughmahore,

> 14.-THE ALARMED SKIPPER. By James T. Fields.

in his borth, at eight o'clock, ancient elepper might be found; after how his eraft would rock. Run down and wake him, with the lead;

A curious wag—the peddler's con-And so he strated (the wanten wed "To-eight I'll have a grain of fun. We're all a set of stupid for To think the skipper tmows by to What ground he's on-Mastrobet

Don't teach such stuff, with all the And rubbed o'er a box of earth

The shipper stormed and tore his hair, Thrust on his books, and reared to Mardon: "Naztucket's sunk, and here we are Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

KANSUNANNANNA Author of "SEVEN DAYS" KANSANANNANNANNA

At that moment the re

Kenway nodded and slowed his steps. a van driver. Wendell was mi "Lafayette, at 7.30"

"All right. Goodby, and good luck."

As the Christmas season came upon him. Dr. Kenway recalled some ralatives to whom some token must he sent, if only for tradition's sake, and, manike, the time for the purchase of these gifts was left to the eleventh hour which fortunately, proved to be into which two harassed policemen energy in a van driver. Wendell was mittered, a van driver. hour, which, fortunately, proved to be into which two harassed policemen en- of imagination, body and mind trans-aumy, crisp and inviting. sunny, crisp and inviting.

deavored to bring some sort of order-figured for the instant by the conscience and his pocketbook the trucks and pushcarts, carriages, deliving light of passionate wonder, as the

witting around being bored by its wife and recognized his friend.

"First rate," said Kenway. "I may not see you before then, so let's agree might join him.

At that moment the reporter boats as a stream of validation of valid

lighter for his visit, he strolled up ary wagons and motor and cable cars. gase of Tristan upon Yesuk, as the Broadway, still in his mood of self-con- Kenway sought the curb and stood face of Lancelot at the feet of Com-

Where There's a

R The Funniest Story of B America's Greatest Woman Humorist

Somewhat is a second to the party down, walking for the party down, walking was a second of the party down, walking was a seco